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What My Kids Will Write About Me in Their Future Tell-All Book

They will say that “no” was my favorite word,
more than stop, or eat, or love.

That some mornings, I'd rather stay in bed,
laptop on lap, instead of making breakfast,
that I'd rather write than speak.

They will say they have seen me naked.
Front side, back side—none of which
were my good side.

They will say I breastfed too long.

In the tell-all book my kids will write
they'll tell how I let them wrinkle like raisins
in the bathtub so I could watch Big Papi at the plate.

They'll talk about how I threw out their artwork,
the watercolors and turkey hands,
when I thought they weren't looking
and when I knew they were.

They'll say that my voice was a slow torture,
that my singing caused them permanent hearing loss.

In the tell-all book my kids will write
as surely as I am writing this, they will say
I cut them off mid-sentence just because I could.

They'll tell you how I got down on my knees,
growling my low, guttural disapproval,
how I grabbed their ears, pinched the backs of their arms,
yet they never quite knew who was sadder for it.

They'll quote me in saying "I cry in the shower—
it's the only safe place I can go."
They will say she was "our sweetest disaster."

They will say I loved them so much it hurt.